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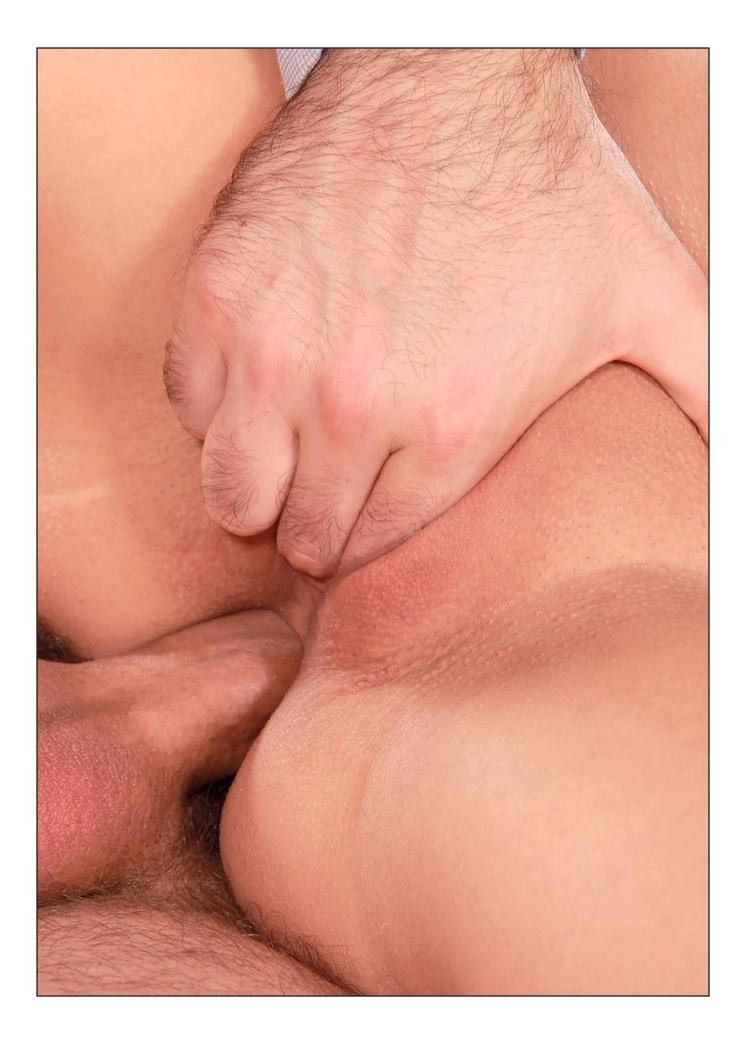




















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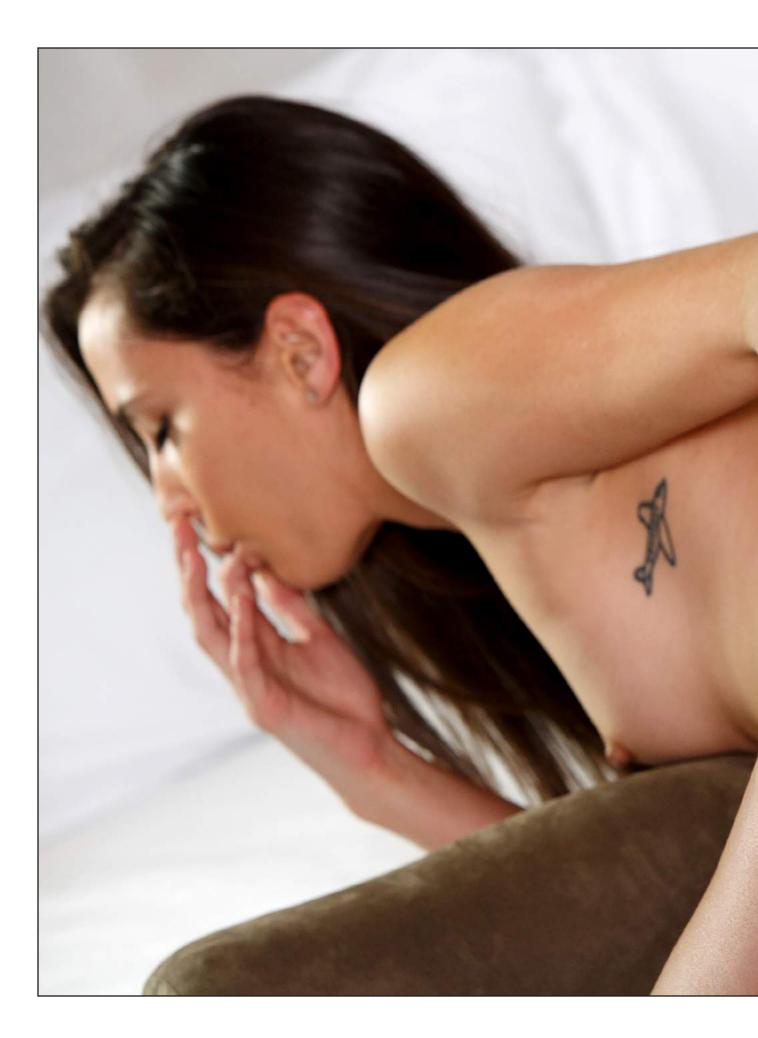


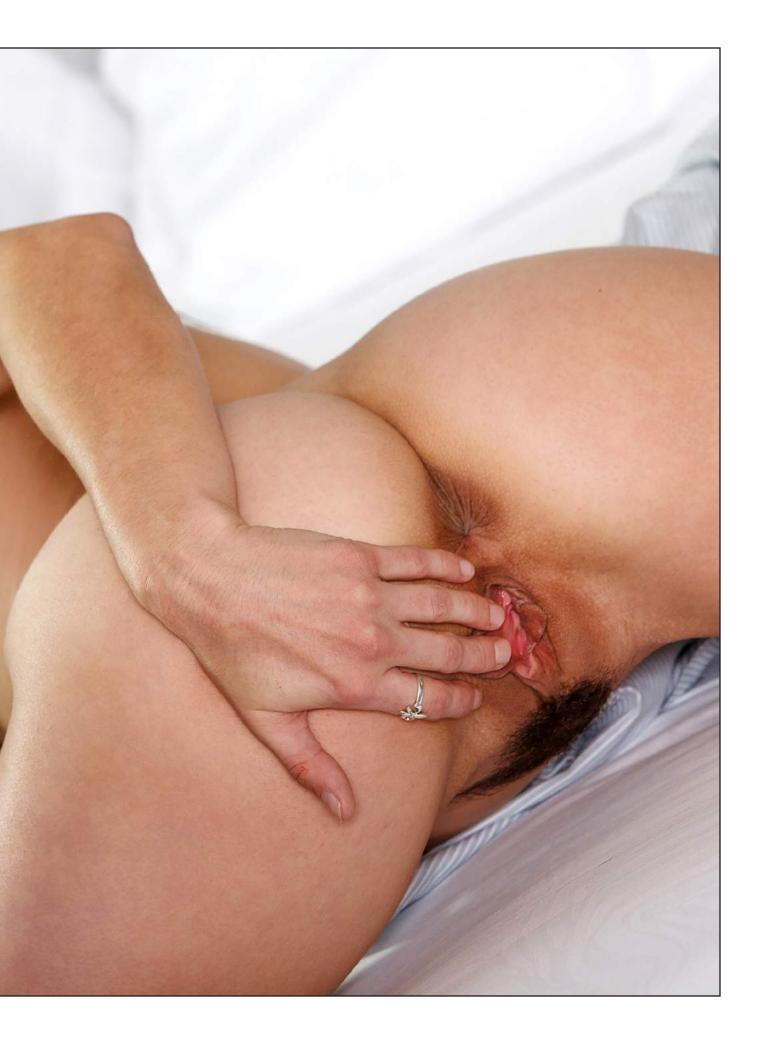








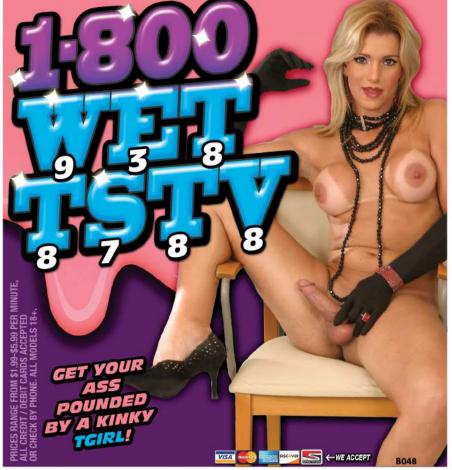












## No Class, Plenty of Ass

had taken attendance and disseminated the course syllabus when Dean Jolly walked in. The apologetic expression on his jowly face said it all. I hardly needed to hear the bad news. "I'm sorry," he told me, "but the class didn't make. We had a last minute drop."

Without another word, he turned on his heels and exited the classroom, leaving me to do his dirty work. Standing there at the dry erase board, I looked at my students—all four of them.

Five was the magic number. One more pupil and the class would have been good to go. The "last minute drop" had killed it. Now I had to tell those four faces to go home. Well, maybe not home. But they couldn't stay here.

"I hate to be the bearer of bad news," I told them, "but this section of English Comp has been canceled. I'm afraid we're one student short."

They responded with a disgruntled murmur. They were pissed. And who could blame them? Now they had to go back to the registrar's office and try to find another section that wasn't already filled.

A blonde surfer dude held up the syllabus. "Do you need this?"

"No." I shook my head, thoroughly disgusted with the whole scenario. "Toss it."

My almost-students gathered their belongings and filed out into the hall, leaving me there to stew and sulk in adjunct teaching misery. Unfortunately this wasn't the first time that one of my classes had failed to materialize; it was an all-too common occurrence. I was paid fifteen hundred bucks per class, half at

midterm, the other half when I turned in my final grades.

It was a lousy job, especially when one considered the amount of education required to do it. My master's degree in English was looking more and more like a bad investment. it not been for my wife and her lucrative law career I would have been in dire straits.

Free for the remainder of the day, I grabbed my briefcase and got the hell out of there. The waste basket beside the door was filled with dis-

carded syllabi. I had worked on that damned thing for hours. A big waste of time; like the six years I had spent in college.

The campus teemed with students as I walked to my old car in the faculty parking lot. So young, I thought, so full of hope and dreams of a bright future.

If they only knew . . .

I had thought about driving straight to my favorite bar and getting shitfaced, but decided against this. It wasn't even noon. And things could've been worse. My other two classes had already been green lighted. Still, I had been counting on that fifteen hundred bucks. Maybe I could pick up a few shifts at the

independent bookstore near my house; anything to fill the fiscal void with hard cash.

Pulling into the driveway, I was surprised to see my wife's car. Kristen rarely came home for lunch. Hoping she hadn't gotten sick, I unlocked the kitchen door and stepped inside, loosening my tie as I did so. That's another gripe I had about my job. Here I was making peanuts, with no benefits/security to speak of, and the administration expected me to look professorial. What a crock of shit!

I went in search of my wife, growing more and more perplexed as I combed the house. Where was she? I finally found Kristen in the spare



Kristen, my wife of eight years, lay on the settee, her long legs spread wide. Donna, our next door neighbor, pumped and humped between those legs, plowing Kristen's pussy with a strap-on dildo.



bedroom she used as a home office. Unfortunately she wasn't alone.

I froze at the threshold, hardly believing my eyes. Kristen, my wife of eight years, lay on the settee, her long legs spread wide. Donna, our next door neighbor, pumped and humped between those legs, plowing Kristen's pussy with a strap-on dildo. My vantage point gave me a nice view of our neighbor's firm fanny. She played a lot of tennis, Donna did, and it showed.

Lost in the throes of passion, neither of them had noticed my presence. Torn between confronting them and slipping out quietly, I chose the latter. I wasn't in the mood for an ugly scene, not now, not so soon after the disappointing debacle at school.

Getting shitfaced at my favorite bar suddenly seemed like the per-

fect idea.

In keeping with the day's run of bad luck my favorite bar was closed. A crudely scribbled sign had been taped inside the glass door. A nearby construction crew had severed a waterline. The bar expected to reopen by late afternoon. Four or five, the sign read.

Of course this didn't help me now. I needed a place to do some serious day drinking. I found what I was looking for at a rundown dive squeezed between a coin-op laundry and an art supply store.

The place was cool and dark and mostly empty. I sat at the bar and drank draught beer and hoped the jukebox remained quiet. I wasn't in the mood for music.

"Hey," a female voice bellowed behind me, "it's our teacher . . ."

I cringed, keeping my eyes on the beer taps in front of me. I didn't want to encourage company; today's drinking was to be of the strictly antisocial variety.

But I quickly changed my tune, especially when they bought my next round. The bartender placed a full mug before me. "Compliments," he said, "of the two young ladies in the booth." I turned around, raising my mug in thanks as their faces regis-

tered.

Small world, I thought. The lanky redhead and the built brunette had been in this morning's doomed class. Judging from the number of empties cluttering their table, they had left said class and made a beeline for the bar.

Feeling indebted by their generosity, I paid for their next round. It wasn't long before they joined me.

"I was so disappointed," the redhead said.

"We were really excited about taking your class," the brunette added. "A friend of mine took you last semester. He said you were the best teacher he had ever had."

"If I'm so good," I replied, "then why am I still working as a lousy adjunct?"

"A what?" the redhead asked.

"Adjunct," I said.

"I'm glad you asked . . ."

the college professor.

"What's that?" the brunette asked. I took a hefty swig of beer, wiping my mouth with the back of my hand.

I had milked the adjunct's plight for all it was worth—the crappy pay, the lack of benefits, the disrespect from fulltime faculty. By the time I had finished my spiel they were utterly speechless. Clearly I had de-

stroyed their romantic notions of

Now, having left the bar and followed them to their apartment, I hoped to take full advantage of my sob story. No sooner had we entered their tiny lair than my youthful hostesses went about the business of

Sitting on a thrift store sofa, I sighed contentedly as the redhead and the brunette took off their clothes. They sandwiched me, the

cheering me up.

redhead on one side, the brunette on the other, as I unzipped my khakis and freed my cock.

"Kiss me," the brunette said.

I crushed my lips to hers, probing her mouth with my tongue. Meanwhile the redhead proceeded to give me head. Hers was a talented tongue. She licked my shaft with exquisite slowness. This was a mere preamble; it wasn't long before her head bobbed frenziedly in my lap as she gobbled me in earnest.

I squeezed the brunette's sizable tits. This ignited her fire, prompting her to slide a hand between her thick thighs. Rubbing her shaved cunt, she moaned into my mouth, getting hotter and hotter.

The redhead withdrew for a breather. "I'm so fucking wet," she told me, grabbing my hand and placing it between her lanky legs.

She wasn't lying. Her pussy was soaked. I withdrew my lips from the brunette's and pushed two fingers inside the redhead. She quivered with excitement.

"Fuck me," she said. "I want your cock inside my tight little pussy . . ."

"Yeah," the brunette said to the redhead, "and I want you to eat mine."

It was official. My crappy day had improved dramatically. And it was only going to get better.

The brunette lay on the sofa, her legs parted to accommodate her friend. The redhead licked and lapped, driving the brunette wild with pleasure; this while I fucked her ginger gash doggy style.

She had a tiny little ass and a tight pussy. Holding her bony hips, I pounded her from behind. My position afforded me a spectacular view of the three-way action. My almost-students were laid out beneath me, their supple teen bodies undulating and writhing.

The brunette's face twisted. "Oh shit! I'm coming! I'm fucking coming!"

The redhead brought her to or-

gasm. It was one of the hottest things I had ever seen in my life. I fucked the redhead harder and faster. I had every intention of blowing my wad all over her skinny ass.

But my hostesses had another idea. This became abundantly clear when the redhead peered at me over her shoulder and said. "Finish in my mouth."

"And mine," the brunette added.
"I love the taste of cum..."

I pulled out of the redhead's cunt and hopped off the sofa. Standing there beside the armrest, I watched with escalating excitement as they knelt before me.

The brunette licked and sucked mv balls while her friend treated me to a superb tug job. Stroking my shaft with one hand, the redhead opened her mouth and stuck out her tongue; this as the brunette continued to feast on my nuts with sloppy abandon.

Those two college cuties were something else. They worked me over good, real good. Try as I might to prolong the pleasure, I was unable to hold back the rising tide.

My cock exploded. By the time I had finished their mouths were filled with spunk. They ingested my load.

"There you go," I told them. "Swallow that jizz."

They invited me to shower with

I crushed my lips to hers, probing her mouth with my tongue. Meanwhile the redhead proceeded to give me head. Hers was a talented tongue. She licked my shaft with exquisite slowness. This was a mere preamble; it wasn't long before her head bobbed frenziedly in my lap...



them. A tempting offer, for sure. But I decided to go home. I hadn't eaten anything since breakfast; plus I had downed quite a few beers at the bar. If I didn't get some food in my stomach I was going to be sick. And that would never work.

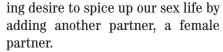
I wanted to be at my best when I confronted Kristen.

It took me a while to work up the courage. A heated argument would surely ensue, and I wasn't sure if I was ready for that. Did I want a di-

vorce? Maybe. Did she? Perhaps. For all I knew she was done with men. This thing with Donna might be serious. Then again, it might've been nothing more than a random hookup.

Still . . .

I was loading the dishwasher after dinner when I finally got the gump-



"How would you feel about that?" she asked me.

Of course I knew the person she had in mind—Donna, our next door neighbor, the tennis hottie with the firm fanny and a strap-on dildo. I

couldn't believe my good luck. This was truly the chance of a lifetime!

"Sounds like a great idea," I told Kristen. "Do you have anyone in mind?"

"I do." She took a swig of wine, regarding me over the rim of her glass.

When she told me I acted pleasantly surprised.

Not even a week passed before we got together at Donna's place. Thankfully she was divorced so we didn't have to sneak around behind some cuckolded husband's back. She had a nice pool in her backvard

with a privacy fence, all latticework and vines. The pool was lighted, perfect for our late evening date.

I felt like I was on the set of a movie, a dirty movie. Things heated up quickly. We hadn't even finished our second round of drinks before Donna produced the strap-on and commenced to fucking my wife on a chaise lounge.

As I had done several days prior, I watched our neighbor's stellar ass pump between my wife's legs. I got out of an Adirondack chair, shucked my swim trunks, and started tugging my cock. Not that my cock needed much tugging. Just standing there and watching the action had me harder than a two-by-four.

"Don't just stand there playing with yourself," Donna said to me over her shoulder. "Get over here and fuck me in the ass..."

Donna stopped screwing Kristen and switched to eating her pussy. I moved behind Donna, marveling at that spectacular caboose of hers. It was a replay of my time with the two college cuties; but unlike the skinny redhead, Donna was offering her other hole.

I spread my neighbor's taut cheeks and pushed inside her. She had an amazingly snug bunghole. I reamed her backside with stiff, short jabs. My orgasm came on fast, though not so fast that I didn't have time to warn Donna.

"Come in Kristen's mouth," she said to me. "Your wife loves the taste of my ass..."

"Hey," I replied, withdrawing my cock from Donna's heart-shaped derriere, "you learn something new every day."

I walked around to Kristen. My wife came to a sitting position, licking her chops greedily as she eyed my glistening rod. She sucked me like a champion, moving her head with such jerky speed I'm surprised she didn't injure her neck.

I came in her mouth; my prick gradually deflated between her lips as she swallowed my ball sauce.

That night marked the first of many threesomes with Kristen and Donna. In fact, we're still going strong. And while being an adjunct remains as crappy as ever, at least I have something to look forward to after class.

Boy, do I ever!



tion.

"Kristen," I said, "we need to talk." Having just poured a glass of wine, Kristen corked the bottle and returned it to the refrigerator. She peered at me and said, "That's funny. I was just about to say the same thing."

"Ladies first," I remarked.

What she told me was quite the eye opener. She didn't confess this morning's transgression with Donna. What she did confess was a burn-

















































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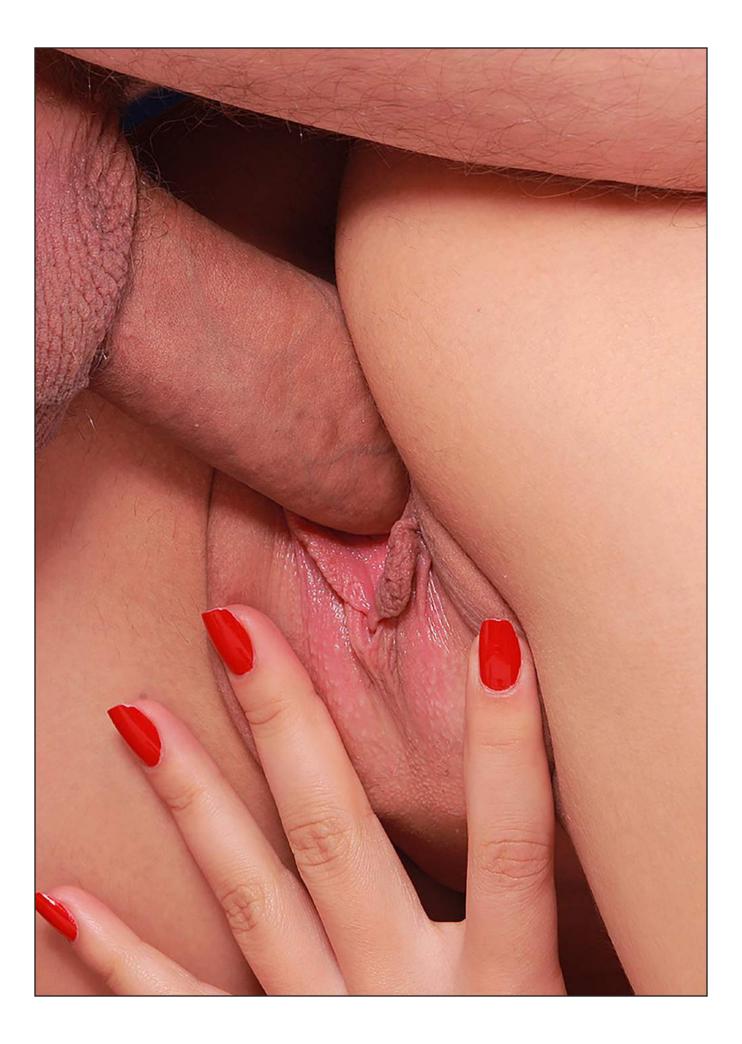




























## finally letters:

More letters have come into the office that we had to share another with you.



The email had come straight from the property manager. Somebody was trying to lighten their load and make some quick cash before moving out. The departing tenant, the email read, wanted \$800 for a washer/dryer combo unit and \$75 for a futon. A number was provided.

I didn't tarry. You snooze, you lose, right? I had a washer and dryer. But a futon would be a nice addition to my place. I called the number immediately. The tenant's phone went straight to voicemail. I was leaving a message when she picked up.

The futon, she said, was still available. There was something vaguely familiar about her voice. Did I know this person? I wasn't sure. She didn't offer her name and I didn't inquire. She did, however, give me her apartment

number. "I'll be here all day," she added.

I live in a huge apartment complex, one of those corporate owned monstrosities with absolutely zero character. No wonder

lutely zero character. No wonder she was moving. I was envious.

Despite the summer heat, I walked to a nearby convenience store and withdrew some cash. Then I footed it to her apartment. It was a long walk. She lived on the opposite end of the property. Hers, like mine, was a second floor unit. I ascended the outdoor wooden stairs and knocked on her door.

"That was fast," she said from behind a security chain, her face veiled in shadow.

It wasn't until she let me inside that I was able to get a good look at her.

Turns out I did know this person.

Well, sort of . . .

The departing tenant whose apartment I had just entered was none other than Sandy Sunshine, my all-time favorite cam model!

No wonder her voice had sounded so familiar. I had engaged in countless cam2cam chats with Sandy over the years. Of course "Sandy" wasn't her birth handle.

In addition to using screen names, cam models typically blocked access in their area; in essence, a model living in Florida could render her cam inaccessible to users in that state. This made perfect sense. A wise safety measure, for sure. One could never be too careful.

So you can imagine my surprise (hell, shock) at discovering that Sandy Sunshine and I were neighbors. Cleary she had seen no need to exclude her home crowd.

The futon, she said, was still available.
There was something vaguely familiar about her voice. Did I know this person?

I wasn't sure.

The futon was in a spare bedroom. I recognized the piece immediately; as well as the framed Cubist print on the wall behind it. This was Sandy's

cam set, the very room in which she had masturbated for me; always while sitting on the futon with one leg draped over the armrest.

"I'll take it," I said.

"Great." Sandy smiled. "I knew you would."

"Oh? How come?"

"Who am I?"

"Eddiespaghetti87," she said. "Don't look so surprised. Sandy Sunshine never forgets a face . . ."

One too many cam2cam private sessions had betrayed me. She must've recognized me as soon as she opened the door.







"... or a cock," she added.

"Excuse me?"

"You heard me. And I like yours, Eddie. It's one of my favorites. Pull it out for me. You know you want to."

Sandy didn't have to twist my arm. I unzipped my shorts and whipped it out. Next thing I knew she was down on her knees sucking me off.

I stood there in disbelief, watching this blonde fantasy girl pump her head back and forth. I had seen her suck a dildo for her cam, but this—well, this was something else entirely. I could hardly believe it. Her lips glided up and down my stiff tool with increasing urgency. Sandy

ass; this prompted Sandy to up her speed. She rode me faster and faster. Still gripping her ass, I thrust my hips, meeting her as she came down.

"Shit! Shit!" I bellowed.

Sandy dismounted and finished me with her hand.

I was putting on my shorts when she asked me if I had a truck to get the futon back to my place.

"I don't," I told her, "but my girlfriend does."

She eyed me dubiously. "Girlfriend?"

"Yeah," I said. "Is that so surprising?"

"Not at all. But she'll smell sex all over that damned thing. You might want to leave it here for an extra day or



moaned around my member. She took every inch.

Finally she withdrew for a much needed gulp of air. Saliva stretched between my cock and her lips like taffy.

"The futon." Sandy wiped her mouth with the back of her hand. "She's been good to me; lots of fond memories. Come on, Eddie. Help me send her off in style."

I sat on the futon, letting the cushioned back rest cradle my back and shoulders. Sandy removed my shoes, shucked my shorts, and raised the hem of her sundress. I reached for her cotton panties. She beat me to it, stepping out of the high cut brief before tossing it on the floor.

She straddled me, rubbing her pussy as she did so, running her fingers through the dark tuft of a finely manicured landing strip. Sandy's pussy clenched me as she lowered herself into my lap. Hers was a tight little cunt. She rode me slowly, deliberately, delighting in the grinding motions of a slutty cowgirl.

I reached around with both hands and cupped her firm

Sandy removed my shoes, shucked my shorts, and raised the hem of her sundress. I reached for her cotton panties. She beat me to it... two, just to let it air out . . ."

"Good idea, Sandy." I produced my thickwallet and paid her. "Seventy-five bucks. Cash money."

"Thanks, Eddie."

The following afternoon I drove over in my girlfriend's truck to pick up the futon. The door to Sandy's apartment was unlocked, but she was nowhere to be found. Her place was totally empty.

"Shit," I muttered under my breath.

She had pulled a fast one, played me like a punk. I never saw her again. Not even on the cam site. Sandy Sunshine had really fucked me on the futon . . .

In more ways than one!

Timothy L, Oakland, CA

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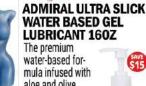
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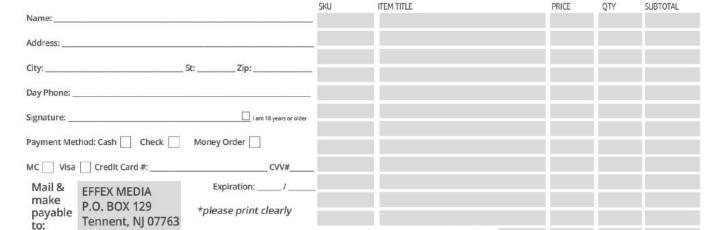








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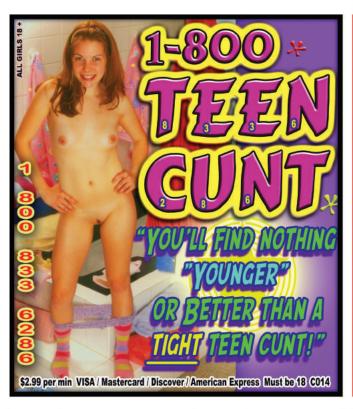




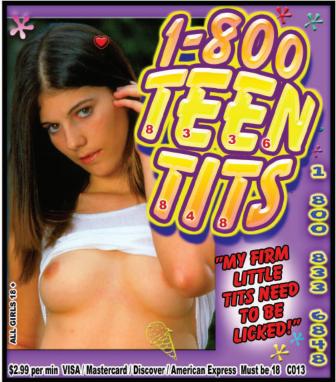


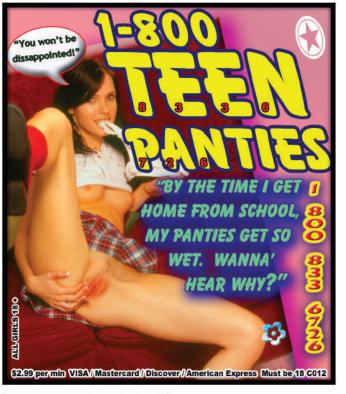




















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